Montgomery, Feb 19th 1848

My dear Mother,

I hope by today's mail a letter from little Mary, or that pretty girl, has been probably the last I shall receive from home for six weeks. I have just been ordered on detached service with a squadron of the P. S. Republic. We will start in two or three days to march in all five or six hundred miles. The route will take us to Salinas, Monterey, San Jose, and all the neighboring towns, to return also by Salinas, the joy will not compensate for the sadness. The object of the expedition is to establish a system of communications. The distance to which we are going from the supports is very considerable, that there is no reason but prudence to apprehend any danger there is no one to resist or attack us. During my short stay in Monterey, I have had the good fortune to make some friends from whom I have received presents. The last one a heavy blanket from E. Fox, another a hair cejariño coat, and a pretty Mexican hair suit to be sent to one of my sisters. Duces ciutadans! Enclosed I send you a note received from a memory of highly respected officers.
Of the Army, alas! I hear a return to Contemplation—
Though my friends in Latolito I have no letter in which they always remember you all the family.
The General does not care on this strip because there is no one else to cite. Sir, I write long about
the land to that Toronto. It is possible that
Mr. Addicks will allow or if so, the trip will be
pleasant for me, as my companions are a new,
encouragement let to me—five fellows, but "tood
agons" to the back bone, collecting Carrying
vicegently. It is singular how different in
this respect is the Skyson device from the
other arms of the Army—almost militarily
its officers, although hands generous than, are
deposed to escape.
My arrangements for the trip are very
comfortable—uncommonly so. The happier
allows for my hospital i.e. me for myself—so
that I can carry that baggage—few fare to
all in these things.

Capt. McCord, who has so often proven himself
my true sincere friend, will take charge of
letters that arrive during my absence, and if
any orders are sent after as will enclose them
to me—Mr. Burgey will probably not be
for Washington until my return should be
so he go to Philadelphia. I beg you to
Remember that he is the most devoted friend I have, and one to whom, next to my family, I am more attached than to any other of my family. From Boston I never hear, yet this does not surprise me. Knowing as I do, the American things which diminish such interest in corresponding as we are now situated.

My health is very good, though my yellowsage might lead to a false suspicion to the contrary. They show only what I have suffered not that I am still suffering.

We have just had pretty certain news of the signing of a treaty by the Mexican Government—no treaty to us unless it be approved of by the 11th Congress—there is more alarm to hope for its approval now than there can ever be again to be felt with absolutely despair—yet let us not be too impatient—I know enough of Mexican character not to regard a matter of such certainty with the very highest degree of probability—yet this, however, remember they predict you will make—that, if peace were concluded within any reasonable period, it would be about five months after the treaty of Mexico, this being about the time in which Gen. Scott would probably be prepared to execute a further advance.

Fight them into terms.
in any affection. I could not make much of a painful person. It is not
the conclusion of peace here for four years. I am without
money, and am forced to look forward for some liberty for a definite
purpose. I have come to the conclusion of which, which I have
made a determination as to my case. I do not believe that the
hunger affection and of the brother, the father, the
husband, and the mother, and in the end —

The end and end of the present —

the end of the present —